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THE DUEL AT LAS SALINAS.

How Vaquero and Comanche Fought for a Girl.

The Father's Promise to the Indian Chief Repudiated by Her Lover, and the Question Settled with Bow and Musket and Lasso.

Don Mariano Delgado and his American friend, on their way to Las Salinas, rode to the edge of the mesa where it drops abruptly down to the lower levels. They were 40 miles east of the Rio Grande, and 50 or 60 miles from Albuquerque. There lay before them a wide plain which rose into low tablelands off to the south and east. Far to the northwest towered the bold, handsome contours of the Sandia mountains. Upon the plain, miles away from the foot of the mesa, two large circular spots shone dazzlingly white. Don Mariano pointed them out to his companion.

"They are the salinas," he said. "Now let us look for the wagons. They should be in sight by this time. Ah, there they are. They will get to loading by noon."

Three wagons, drawn each by four mules, came round a bend of the mesa at its foot, crawling along toward the white spots on the prairie. They were part of Don Mariano's ranch outfit going to the salinas for salt.

"Let us ride on to the salinas and await them there," said Don Mariano, and the two horsemen picked their way down the rough burro trail to the plain, then put their horses to a long gallop which brought them in half an hour to the salt lakes. —for the salinas literally are lake basins packed solidly with salt. Part of their surface was smooth and level like a water surface. Other places were rough and dug out in great holes like cellars, showing where salt gatherers had been at work. Deeply worn trails led to the lakes from the north, the west and the south, and the ground about them was trodden with the feet of sheep, horses and cattle and the wild beasts of the plain, drawn hither by their hunger for salt.

Going out upon one of the basins for a closer examination, the American found that the pure white salt seen upon the surface was only an incrustation a half inch thick, and that beneath this stratum the salt was darker, as if discolored by earthy matter.

"How came the salt beds here?" he asked Don Mariano. "Are there salt springs at the bottom of the basin?"

The don shrugged his shoulders. "Quien sabe," he answered. "They have always been here. The Spanish colonists who first came to New Mexico 300 years ago, got their salt here, and their descendants have done the same to this day. Since the railroad came the salt we use on our tables, and much that we use for other purposes, is brought from the States. Yet many of the native people still get their salt from here, as my teams come to-day to get the year's supply for the stock upon my ranches. The trails you see centering here are worn by the travel of hundreds of years. And the buffalo and antelope in old times knew the salinas. Ah, I did not think an antelope was left so near the Rio Grande."

At the further end of the further basin three antelope stood at the edge eagerly nibbling salt. Their hunger for salt had overcome their fear of man and they acted as if unaware of the two men who watched the timid graceful creatures as the don went on:

"I can remember the time when we had to have weapons in our hands and a good-sized party when we came here for salt. The Mescalero Apaches and the Navajoes were liable to come as far as the salt lakes, and they were always hostile. The Comanches were supposed to be friendly with the New Mexicans, but even they were not always to be trusted when they met a weak party out on the plains. There has been a good deal of Indian fighting, first and last, about these basins and the trails leading to them. There was a duel fought here many years ago that was very remarkable. It occurred long before I was born, but the story has been handed down in our family, for my grandfather, Don Porfirio, Delgado, was present when it occurred. It came about through a foolish promise that a Mexican made a Comanche chief, which he thought he would never be called on to fulfill.

"The man was a Comanchero, as we say, who went out on the plains every year to trade with the Comanches. To carry through a bargain, or to help himself out of some tight place, he promised the Indian that he would give him his daughter for a wife when she should have grown large enough to marry. He was not called on redeem his promise, for he was dead when the Indian demanded the girl, but it made trouble enough for other people, as you shall hear, if you care to listen to the story.

"It came about in this way. My grandfather, Don Porfirio Delgado, had come from his hacienda out to the salinas in August with a large party of his people to get his year's supply of salt. They came with a caravan of pack mules and carrettas, as we call the old-time carts made wholly of wood and rawhide, and drawn by oxen yoked by the horns. So many of his men at that season of the year were away herding sheep and cattle that to fill up his party he had brought with him some of the women that lived on his estate to help in their places. Among them was Manuelita Trujillo, the Comanchero's daughter, then an orphan girl, 16 years old. Our people, you know, mature early, and she was a young woman at that time, and a handsome one. Francisco Segura, a young vaquero in my grandfather's employ, thought so, at any rate, and, since she was one of the party, he had come along to herd the cattle and mules of the outfit.

"On the third day after arriving at the salinas they had all their carts and pack mules loaded with salt. They were yoking up the oxen, ready for a start for home, when a band of Indians came riding toward them from the mesas. Not knowing what tribe they might belong to, the Mexicans drew their carts into a circle, secured the mules and oxen, got their firearms ready, and waited. When the Indians came near our people they saw that they were Comanches, and felt easier in their minds; but still they knew that they could not trust them very far, in spite of the fact that they were at peace with the New Mexicans.

"The Indians halted just out of gunshot from the caravan, for they saw that our people had firearms and were on their guard. But their chief, a large, fine-looking Indian, with war paint on his face, gave the peace sign and rode toward the caravan. Before he had come half way Don Porfirio recognized him, and the Mexicans who had fought against the Comanches in the past said: 'It is Santarito.' All knew the name, for he was one of the bravest and most warlike of the chiefs that rode on the plains. Manuelita knew about him, and at his coming she shrank behind the other women, and drew her reboso about her face. But he saw her.

"My grandfather has often described to me the way Santarito looked as he rode up to them on the war horse, a splendid mustang, full of fire and speed. He wore a hunting shirt, fringed leggings, and moccasins of buckskin, and in his black streaming hair were three eagle's feathers. Hung to his neck by a buckskin thong, and resting on his broad, sinewy chest, was a great star of gold set with precious stones, that he had taken from the uniform of some dead Mexican officer of high rank. Across his back was slung his bow and quiver of arrows, and he carried his long lance in his hand.

"When we had come quite near the party he stopped and spoke to my grandfather, calling him by name, for they had met before in war and peace. He spoke in Spanish, for it was told of him that he had been educated at a Fransican Fathers' school, from which he had run away to join his wild tradesmen.

"'Senor Delgado,' he said, 'will you choose peace or war?'

"'We would have peace,' answered my grandfather. 'Why should we fight? The Comanches and the New Mexicans are friends.'

"'Then give up to me the girl Manuelita. Her father promised her to me when she was a child. Give her to me and there shall be peace and gifts between us.'

"Don Porfirio looked toward Manuelita. She had sunk to the ground, her face ashy pale, her look full of horror.

"'What is this the chief says?' asked the don of her. 'What does he mean by saying that your father promised you to him? Is it true?' She lifted her head. 'It is false!' she cried. 'My father never meant it. He had no right to give me, a Christian girl, to an Indian.'

"Don Porfirio looked very grave. He saw that some sort of promise had been made, and knew that whether or not the father had spoken in jest, or had a right to give it, it would make no difference with the chief who was there with his men behind him, and meant to have the girl. No one knew better than my grandfather the dangers and evil consequences of a fight with the Comanches at that time and out on the lonely plain, encumbered with loaded wagons, and far away from water.

"A third of his party were women, and the Indians outnumbered the men two to one. The Comanches had no firearms, but they were brave fighters, and could do deadly work at close quarters with their bows and arrows. And then the women! If the Indians were victorious there there was a certain and terrible fate for the men, but that of the women was as certain and worse. Manuelita was only an orphan girl whose father had been of no very good repute, and she had no relatives living to take up her case.

"'Let the Comanchero's daughter be given up to the chief,' whispered some of the Mexicans, whose wives and daughters were with them. 'She is but one, and it will save the lives of many. Her father liked the Comanches well enough, and she may get along as well among them. And did he not promise her to Santarito?'

"Manuelita heard, or felt, these whispers, and shuddered beneath the reboso she had drawn over her face. But there was one who came to her, and took her hand in his, and stood by her, saying that he would protect her while his life should last. It was Francisco Segura, the vaquero, and his example gave courage to others. Don Porfirio was not a man of a coward's way of thinking. He would protect his own, whatever might befall, and Manuelita was of his household. He knew the risk he was taking for himself and his people when he said:

"'Santarito, the girl is not willing to go. Her father had no right to say who should have her when she was a little child. She is under my protection, and shall remain with her own people, since she so chooses. See, here is a colt, fit for breaking next year, which I have reared to be my own horse. I will give him to you in acquittance of her father's promises.'

"The chief laughed scornfully, and made a gesture of contempt.

"'I will give you my own saddle besides,' the don continued, 'so that you may be equipped in a manner befitting a great chief when you mount the colt next year.'

"Santarito's look was black, and he plainly was impatient to end the talking.

"'I care nothing for your colt and saddle,' he said. 'The girl I will have, with no more words or waiting. For the last time I ask you, shall I take her in peace or in war?'

"'Let it be war, since you will have it so,' said on Porfirio, growing angry in turn. 'I have offered you all I have to give.'

"Santarito gave a swift glance round toward his band and lifted his lance. But he remained where he was, and did not give the signal to his men to attack. He was not the head chief of his tribe, and it was a serious thing for him to break a treaty on his own responsibility. Besides, he knew that if it came to battle some of his men would be killed, however the affair turned in the end.

"'We may settle the matter another way if you choose,' he said. 'Come out and fight me single-handed before all our men. Face to face we will decide whether I or your people shall have the girl. Or, if you are too old, send one of your younger men.'

"He looked as he spoke at Francisco Segura, standing at Manuelita's side. At his word Francisco took a step forward.

"'I will fight you,' he called out. 'Don Parfirio, give me leave to fight the Comanche chief.'

"Santarito looked at him, and his lip curled. 'I am a chief,' he said, 'and he is only a cowherd. But let him come out and be killed. I will carry his scalp on my lance when I ride with Manuelita back to our rancheria.'

"'Go, since you ask it, and God be with you,' said the don to Francisco. 'But ride my black horse. You know him, for you broke him as a colt. He will not flinch or fail you.'

"On the don's black horse, the swiftest in the Rio Grande valley, Francisco rode out to meet the chief. He carried in his hand a gun, and upon his saddle horn his braided lasso was loosely coiled. The women lamented and the men looked very grave at his prospects, for he could give but a single shot with his gun, while the Indian's quiver was full of arrows, every one of which he could send in surely in the time it would take Francisco to reload his piece. And then there was the lance, and Francisco had none.

"Santarito rode back, keeping to the left until he had reached a point equally distant from his band and the caravan. Francisco took up a similar position on the right, and the two faced each other 100 hundred paces apart. The Indian laid his lance in the loops of his saddle and took his bow and half a dozen arrows in his hand. Then with a shout to his pony he dashed upon Francisco, waiting to receive him with fusil raised. Half way to him the Comanche swung down sidewise from his saddle, so that his pony's body should completely protect him from a shot, and swerved the animal to pass Francisco in a circle. At the same time, from under its neck, he sent arrow after arrow at him as fast as one could count.

"The second arrow sent struck Francisco's saddle, and the next passed through his sleeve, grazing his shoulder. At the same moment he fired, aiming to hit the Comanche's head beneath the pony's neck. The bullet missed Santarito, but it was a lucky shot, for all that, for it struck his bow, breaking it. Instantly the Indian swung up in his saddle, grasped his lance, and charged straight at his enemy.

"Francisco set spurs to his horse to met the charge, at the same moment lifting from his saddle horn the coils of his lasso. With the gun held in his left hand, he parried the lance thrust, wheeled his horse behind the Indian's pony as it went by like a flash, and flung his lasso over Santarito. His aim was true. The noose fell over the Comanche's head and shoulders, and, before he could throw it off, Francisco had caught a turn of the braided rope about his saddle horn, wheeled his horse, and set the spurs hard into his flanks. With a bound the fiery animal was off and away, jerking the Indian from his saddle, over his pony's back, and dragging him helpless over the prairie. As he fell to the ground the lasso slipped above his shoulders, but tightened again about his neck, and held.

"At sight of this, the Indians gave their war cry and started for Francisco. He did not pull rein until they were half way to him. Then he checked his horse, leaped to the ground, threw the lasso from the Indian's neck—the neck was broken—plunged his knife twice into the Comanche's heart to make his work sure, took the gold star from the chief's breast, and springing to the saddle, dashed back to the caravan with a score of arrows whistling after him

"This is the story of the duel at Las Salinas. Francisco, of course, was a great hero after the affair. He married Manuelita that fall, as he had wanted to do for years past, and he became head vaquero on my grandfather's ranches, so they were both prosperous and happy. When, after many years, his working days were over, his son took his place on my father'e estate."

Just as Don Mariano finished his story the sound of hoofbeats near at hand caused the two to look round. The approaching wagons were still a mile away, but the foreman had ridden ahead to select the spot where they should haul up. He was a stalwart, handsome Mexican, about 40 years of age, and the American noted his perfect seat in the saddle. He rode up to them, bowed respectfully, and stood awaiting any orders that Don Mariano might have to give.

"Have you your gold medal with you, Francisco?" asked the don, after their talk about the location of the wagons was ended.

For answer the Mexican put his hand inside his shirt collar and drew forth a large star of gold, somewhat dulled and worn, but still holding several of the brilliants with which it had once been thickly set.

"Yes, I see. You are taking good care of it," said Don Mariano. Then turning to the American: "It is the gold star that his grandfather took, 70 years ago, on this spot, from Santarito."—N. Y. Sun.

GREEK HORSE RACES.

Kings and Princes Sometimes Drove Their Own Horses in the Olympic Games.

The most brilliant and exciting contests of the festival were the chariot and horse races. They took place in the hippodrome, adjoining the stadium. The structure itself no longer exists and we are dependent upon analogous buildings and upon literature for its reconstruction. The portion immediately adjoining the altis was an artificial embankment, with seats backing against those of the stadium. Farther on the rolling slope formed a natural stand for the spectators. The dimensions of the hippodrome are not definitely known, but are put with some probability at two stadia in length and about 600 feet in breadth. As with the races in the stadium, the chariot and horse races also involved a sharp turn, so that the course was traversed several times before the finish. Pindar, in his "Ode to Arcesilas," speaks of the "12 swift turns of the sacred course."

The relative positions of the chariots at the start were determined by lot; but, as there was a natural difference between the inside and the outside track, this difference was neutralized by a device in the manner of starting invented by Cleœtas. This is described by Pausanias as in shape like the prow of a ship, with partitioned stalls, in which the chariots and horses took their stand. In front of the chariots was extended a rope. First the ropes on the extremities were slackened, and when the horses stationed there advanced as far as the horses in the second stalls then the ropes there were slackened, and so on until all started fair at the beak. This shows that a number of chariots started together; how many is uncertain. When Pindar speaks of the 40 charioteers who fell in the Pythian contest in which Arcesilas conquered he is not at variance with Sophocles, who relates that ten chariots then started together, for the races were doubtless run in heats. Alcibiades alone sent seven chariots to Olympia, winning the first, second and fourth prizes.

In the chariot race the skill of the driver told far more than the speed of the horses. After the trumpet had sounded and the bronze dolphin had been lowered and the bronze eagle raised as a signal for the start, his cool head in the first bolt for the lead, and amid the dust clouds of the course and at the taraxippos—that terror of horses, the turning post—often guided slower horses with success to the finish, where beside the judges stood a statue of Hippodameia holding a fillet for the victor.

Long after the quadriga had ceased to be used in active warfare the chariot race flourished in the great national games. It was the event in which the rich and powerful, princes and kings, took part, and sometimes themselves appeared as charioteers. There are many memorials of these victories in Greek vase paintings, coins and gems, varying in character from serious representations of an actual race to allegorical and symbolic scenes in which Cupids and winged Victories are the charioteers.—Prof. Allan Marquand, in Century.

QUALITY OF CYPRESS WOOD.

The Trees Are Notoriously Slow Growing. But Are Durable.

The cypress is a notoriously slow-growing tree, and its work is just as notoriously durable. It is capable of not only resisting the action of the weather in a manner totally different to all other woods, but is wholly uninfluenced by immersion in water over a long period of years. It has many curious chemical properties, which hold its fibers and other constituents together so indissolubly that the ordinary changes which break down the tissues of ordinary woods are in cypress wholly resisted.

Instances are known where the wood of the cypress has endured for more than 1,000 years, leaving it still in a solid condition, subject only to the attrition of the elements, such as the gradual wearing away one sees in exposed rocks. In the lower valley of the Mississippi a species of cypress is extremely abundant ,and in New Orleans lately, while some men were excavating a trench, a cypress stockade was found which was erected in 1730 by the French as a protection against the Indians. Some of the pieces measured 21 inches in width, with a thickness of about 12 inches, and, though it had been buried for so many years, it was in perfect condition when exhumed, even the tool marks being still clearly visible.

By a series of experiments extending over many years, it has been found the cypress wood endures the varying conditions of greenhouses better than any other wood. Greenhouses exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat, moisture and changes of temperature, show the cypress timber used in their construction to be practically unchanged after more than 50 years of use; and, being sufficiently tough for the purpose, it is probable it will come more generally into use for building where a wood of great resisting power is required. Many old doors made by the early Spaniards in America are still as serviceable as ever, although exposed to a most trying climate.—Chicago News.

A Johannesburg Monkey.

Among the passengers arriving at Southampton lately by the steamship Norman was a monkey of large size which came from South Africa in charge of a passenger, by whom he was found after the late explosion at Johannesburg, seated in the only room remaining intact of what had just before been a considerable sized cottage. In the room were also discovered two baby children, one of whom had been killed, but the other was alive, and, it is said, in the arms of the monkey, who was tenderly nursing it. The living child was adopted by a resident in Johannesburg, but the monkey, who was noted on board for his extreme fondness for children, was a popular passenger by the Union company's mail steamer.—Westminster Gazette.

TROUSERS MADE OF TIN.

Ingenious Costume of a Sailor Who Was Caught Smuggling Rum.

"You would be surprised at the amount of smuggling that is done by the crews of sailing vessels," said one of the customs inspectors over on the Brooklyn docks. "Many rich cargoes come in here from India, South America and the West Indies, and the temptation to smuggle is too strong for the average sailor to resist. There is something fascinating about smuggling, which is the only way I can account for the fact that many an otherwise honest man doesn't scruple to defraud the government whenever he gets a chance. Among sailors this feeling is almost universal. Indeed, they seem to think that their calling gives them the privilege of bringing in a few things on every trip, and they are apt to make it very uncomfortable for the officer who attempts to enforce the law. The articles they smuggle consist mostly of liquors, cigars, fine silks and such delicacies as preserved ginger, curacoa, etc.

"But let me tell you how I discovered one of the most ingenious schemes for smuggling that was ever devised. I was in the habit of visiting a little old-fashioned saloon, and one day the proprietor asked me if I would sample some of his rum. It was fine old Demarara. I began to wonder where he got it, for he didn't keep it in stock all the time. Then I noticed that he got a fresh supply every time a certain ship arrived.

"I thought I saw a good chance for a seizure, and kept a close watch on the saloon the next time the vessel came in. I hung around the place all night, but not a sign of smuggling could I see. There was no doubt, though, that it had taken place, for the next day the saloon keeper was treating all hands to rum. The only suspicious thing I saw was that one of the sailors made frequent trips from the ship to the saloon. I was morally certain that he was doing the smuggling, but how he did it was a mystery, for I never saw him carrying anything.

"One day when he was returning to the ship I drew him into conversation. He had been sampling some of his own rum, and began skylarking. At last he made a kick at me, and I playfully hit him on the leg with my walking cane. There was a sharp metallic sound as the blow fell. The man's face whitened and he sobered up in a moment. It was plain enough to me then, and I knew that the wide trousers the man wore meant more than a mere peculiarity of dress. There was no legal evidence against the man, as no rum was found in the ship, but I made him show me the contrivance. It was practically a pair of hollow tin trousers of the most ingenious design, by which he could carry gallons of the liquor with little fear of detection. He never attempted to work the scheme again, and some time afterward he told me that he had sold the contrivance for a good sum to a smuggler who plied his calling on the Canadian border line."—N. Y. World.

THE RACEHORSE ANT.

A Concentrated Bundle of Nerves and Muscles and Brains.

Our Florida ants have not been very carefully studied, and I think it quite possible that this is an undescribed species. Popularly he is known here as the "racehorse" ant, and the name is certainly appropriate. Of all the fast and fussy little runabouts that his omnipresent family affords, he is far and away the supreme. It would be hard to find even among the marvels of the insect kingdom any such concentrated bundle of nerves and muscles and brains. He is a little black mite of a fellow, three millimeters (about an eighth of an inch) in length, and it takes 162 of him to weigh one grain. His ordinary walk is a fast trot, but when he really gets down to business even that kangaroo among insects, the flea, cannot beat him in getting over the ground or being in a dozen places apparently at the same moment. Naturally he is a terrible nuisance to housekeepers; borax, corrosive sublimate, cayenne pepper, and all the other warranted prophylactics against the plague of ants simply amuse him. Not long since I tried all the devices I had ever heard of, and which do often prove effective with other species of ants, in a vain effort to keep this active little rogue out of a new barrel of sugar. A strong solution of corrosive sublimate was poured in a circle on the floor around the barrel. He simply waited for the floor to get dry and calmly trotted over to the alluring barrel of sweets. Three hours after trying this "poison guard" I found a colony of 100 or so comfortably regaling themselves upon the coveted treasure. Caustic potash dissolved and used in the same way served a little better purpose, but this soon solidified into a carbonate, and its usefulness was at an end. I next procured some freshly ground and pure Cayenne pepper, which some "scientific" newspaper correspondent had recommended. I spread it in liberal measure around the barrel, but, alas! for newspaper science; it is a positive fact that before I had finished my circling wall of cayenne pepper these little black imps were racing over it by hundreds. I gave it up. There was nothing to do but to build a low table, put the legs in cans of kerosene oil, and keep on it the barrel of sugar and all other provisions that I wished to protect against these cunning little marauders. Since then I have had no further trouble with them, save in one or two instances where the kerosene was allowed to evaporate. So far as I know, this particular species of ant is rarely found—at least, gives no trouble—here in the country. It seems to be especially partial to "city life."—Norman Robinson, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Great Expectations.

Commuter—See here, conductor! I've torn my coat on that broken car-seat. Do I get anything from the company for it?

Conductor—Well, there's a chance for a suit.—N. Y. World.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The German emperor has bought two enormous bronze gates, which formed part of the exhibit in the German building at the Chicago world's fair.

—Prime Minister Salisbury is a direct, ponderous and earnest speaker. He never attempts oratorical flights. He weighs nearly as much as President Cleveland and wears as large a hat as "Tom" Reed.

—Charles T. Yerkes' New York mansion is to be a regular palace. Mrs. Yerkes' boudoir is being finished regardless of expense. The decorations alone will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000. One of the special features is the perfumed wood used for paneling in every available form.

—Mr. Gladstone still reads and writes for hours at a stretch without showing fatigue, and seldom leaves his library except for exercise. At the dinner table, after working all day, he astonishes his friends by the vigor and brilliancy of his conversation.

—Mrs. Eva Nansen, the wife of the famous Norwegian explorer, is one of those charmingly brave women who place infinite trust in their husbands. At the present moment she is awaiting the return of her "lord and master" in her snug little home some 20 minutes' railway journey from Christiania.

—The collection of birds bequeathed by the late Henry Seebohm to the British museum consists of more than 16,000 skins, with 235 skeletons. Taken in conjunction with Mr. Seebohm's previous bequests, this constitutes one of the most valuable gifts ever presented to the museum, and it raises the collection of birds from second-rate to first-rate importance.

—Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the English reformer, has sailed for home after a long visit to the United States. Mrs. Chant dislikes the ballet because it is so near to nudity, and dislikes high trapeze work because she fears the performers will get killed. While she has been in this country the Empire theater in London has been granted all the privileges that she had had denied them for two years.

A SULTAN'S DUAL NATURE.

Sometimes His Better and Sometimes His Worse Nature Prevailed.

The two heroes of this tale, one the original Ancient Mariner of the "Arabian Nights," and the other a bright American lad, discover the city of New Bagdad hidden away in New England. The following is one of their experiences with its ruler, as recounted in the April number of the magazine:

"I thought you'd never be done," said Selim in a whisper to his prisoners, as he escorted them from the courtyard. "I never knew the sultan to be so talkative before; usually he's a man of very few words. What in the world were you talking about, anyway?"

"Oh, all sorts of things," replied Sindbad, evasively. "And now," he added, quickly, "please tell me one thing: What did the grand vizier mean when he told the sultan that his better nature was coming back?"

"Didn't you understand that? Why, our sultan has two separate and distinct natures—one of them very, very bad, and the other, which comes on only once in awhile, very good. The former we call his bad nature, the latter his better nature. Oh, how we do dread the coming of that better nature!"

"Why, I should think you'd be glad," said Tom. "Isn't he very ugly when his bad nature is on?"

"Usually he is," answered Selim, "but we can stand that better than the freaks in which his better nature leads him to indulge. Why, when that better nature of his is ruling him we can't get a man convicted of any crime, he is so merciful. Life and property are imperiled. Two or three times he has emptied the prisons while under the baleful influence of his better nature, and turned loose all sorts of dreadful characters."

"How soon do you think another attack of his better nature is due?" asked Sindbad, anxiously.

"Oh, we can never tell; sometimes he has two or three a month, and then again a year will elapse without his having one. As he had a real bad spell of it only last month, I think something ought to be done for him; he might be vaccinated, or something of that sort, but I'm not a medical man, and I really couldn't undertake to prescibe for him. He feels as unhappy about it as anyone else, but he can't help it; so, you see, we haven't the heart to blame him. But here we are at your prison."—Albert Stearns, in St. Nicholas.

Courtroom Impudence.

One day Tom Logan, an Oregon lawyer and an inveterate wag, was arguing a case before Chief Justice Greene, of the supreme court, of what was then the territory of Washington. Opposed to him was a backwoods lawyer named Browne. Logan continually referred to the counsel on the other side as if his name were spelled "Browny," to the evident annoyance of that gentleman. At last the judge interfered, remarking:

"Mr. Logan, this gentleman's name is spelled B-r-o-w-n-e, and is pronounced Browne, not Browny. Now my name is spelled G-r-e-e-n-e, but you would not pronounce it Greeny, would you?"

"That," replied Logan gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, "depends entirely on how your honor decides this case."—Northwest Magazine.

Bringing Out the Blushes.

Managing Mamma (to Mr. Featherly)—That is my daughter to whom Mr De Lyle is talking.

Featherly — Ah, indeed. What a sweet, modest-looking girl she is!

Mamma—Yes, Clara is a very modest girl. Even the slightest improper remark will make her blush.

Featherly (gazing in admiration)—Yes, and do you notice how becoming her blushes are as they come and go?—Bay City Chat.